

Makeup

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Makeup

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

“You said I look nice in makeup.” George’s tone was soft, graceful hands tugging at the sleeves of his shirt. “Do I look nice, Dream?”

Dream sputtered. “Fuck.” Eloquent.

A smirk tugged at the corners of George’s lips, hands falling to his sides. “Is that a request?”

Dream could tell that George was wearing makeup. He doesn’t say anything, only dreams of making a mess with it.

Notes

oh my god it’s my dacryphilia fic
this has been a draft for like 3 weeks lol i wrote all the setup then just. didn’t touch it for a while
and yes i know i just posted but,, more
anyways enjoy :D

Dream could tell that George was wearing makeup.

It started two weeks ago. George came into the kitchen talking casually about his plans to stream soon, asking Dream if he was up to join him. George didn't think Dream noticed, but he did. His lashes were darker and lips were a little more pink—mascara and tinted lip balm.

Dream didn't say anything.

And he continued to keep quiet. Even as it inched closer to obvious, he kept quiet. He could tell that George was still trying to be subtle. He was intentional with the lightness of it all. He didn't get any farther than eyeliner, and even then Dream had to be looking for it. George kept it thin and on his top eyelids, clearly practiced in placement.

Practiced. How long had George been doing his makeup alone and removing it before Dream could see? It was almost too hot to think about.

Hot?

Dream tried not to let the thought cross his mind, but it kept coming back to him. Every time George came out of his room with the barely-noticeable touches done to his face, Dream was immediately struck by how hot he found his best friend.

He imagined George in more makeup. Something more intentional, maybe a wing on the liner. Or a mascara that was bolder with more of a curling effect, something that did more than darken the shade of his lashes. Or his personal favorite—George in a red lip.

George would look hot in red lipstick. His lips were already so pretty (and kissable) without anything additional. Dream might lose his mind at the thought of them all red. Perfect and bright, and George would offer Dream the chance to ruin it. To make a mess of cherry lips and leave it smudged across his mouth, favorable to any other reality.

But his lightness would never dare to put such a bold color to use. He stuck with nothing more than a touch of rose against his already bright lips, but even then it managed to drive Dream wild. George looked hot with the pink tint, only visible if Dream looked hard enough. It made him look just that much more flushed, the subtle hint of color still enough to draw attention to his mouth.

It was worse when George wore lip gloss. It made his mouth all shiny and wet-looking and Dream couldn't stop himself from thinking naughty things. Imagining a sheen of spit over George's pink lips, *his spit*, left glistening there after he'd kissed him stupid and felt that pretty, soft mouth on his.

Or maybe something worse. Like George on his knees—pretty lips wrapped around Dream's cock until he pulled him off and finished against his closed mouth, savoring the glossy shine left against pink and the way George would lick himself clean.

And Dream couldn't lie and say the thoughts of lipstick were all innocent or strictly kisses. He couldn't help but think about smears of red on the base of his cock and George's fucked-out face staring up at him, the cherry on his lips patchy and rubbing off onto his cheeks.

This was getting bad. Like, *really* bad. Dream had had thoughts like this before, but he was always able to silence them. Even before George moved to the states and they started living together, he'd been a plague on Dream's mind. With his pretty lips (they were always pretty) and the roll of his

eyes when he got frustrated and the silly jokes they'd exchange on stream.

It definitely got worse after the move. When Dream finally got to stare at those lips in person; in situations where he had to monitor his gaze because George could *see* him now. Everything about George would stick to Dream's mind forever. The makeup was only making things worse.

And it wasn't just things he knew about. How could it ever be? Much to his dismay, Dream was unintentionally introduced to a brand new side of himself—daydreams of George's face twisting beautifully were quickly met with another pretty attribute.

Mascara on his cheeks. The dark shades of makeup running down his pale face, crying himself clean while Dream ruined him with his cock. Fuck, Dream wanted to make George cry. Make a wreck of him and his makeup, leave him a babbling mess with smeared lipstick and ruined eyeliner, both his eyes and lips coated in gloss while he screamed.

Dream cursed George and his makeup. The thoughts they gave him kept forcing avoidance. Every time Dream caught sight of anything on George's face, he found himself running off to his room and shutting the door. He'd jerk himself to completion while thoughts of George filled in his head, all-consuming in a pitifully destructive way.

It was terribly shameful. It would've made eye contact hard if George's eyes weren't so pretty.

Dream had become a walking pile of self-pity, constantly aware of the fact that he had touched himself while thinking about his best friend. Made his chest sticky with himself then closed his eyes and pretended it was George's, collected it all on his fingers and shoved it down his throat.

Dream hoped that it would go away. Or at the very least, it'd get better. His imagination would get less vivid when he jerked off and he'd eventually be forced back to porn—but that never happened. It was delusional of him to think it would, because it only kept getting worse.

George in makeup. Ruining George's makeup. *Fuck.*

Dream decided that he was finally going to ask George about it. Casual, unassuming; let himself wonder aloud why George had suddenly taken such a liking to makeup. That was all he wanted to know. He'd swallow all the sinful wants and pretty desires, even if it was just for a moment.

George wasn't actually wearing any makeup when they sat down on the couch that night, turning the TV on to watch a movie. Dream had looked at his face in a series of quick but careful glances. He didn't even have the darkness in his lashes characteristic of the mascara he seemed to wear every day now.

Dream hadn't seen much of George that day, both busy recording. Perhaps he had been wearing some earlier and had taken it off for the night—which would make sense, seeing how he'd changed into the clothes he slept in before meeting Dream in the living room.

"What do you wanna watch?" George asked, casting a glance at Dream from across the couch.

Dream shrugged. "You pick."

"I always pick!" George's voice was harsh—the playful smile on his lips was stark in comparison to the bite of his tone.

"Well, I don't care what we watch, and you always care," Dream argued. "So you pick, you fucking princess."

George rolled his eyes, turning his head toward the TV. “Whatever.” He paused for a moment, then scowled at Dream. “And don’t call me a princess.”

Dream laughed. “You probably liked it.”

Dream didn’t miss the red tint to George’s cheeks, catching it before the brunet turned away completely. “No!”

“Oh my god, George, I was kidding. I didn’t think you’d get so embarrassed.” Dream inched closer to where George sat. “Now I’m starting to think you *do* like being called a princess.”

George whipped his head around to face Dream. His angry expression was almost comical on a flushed face. “I do *not*!”

Dream dropped it, telling George to pick a damn movie. He chose *Pulp Fiction*. It was completely uncharacteristic—like he had something to prove. Like that something was that he didn’t like it when Dream called him “princess.” Because... princesses don’t watch *Pulp Fiction*? Dream tried not to think too hard about it.

The movie was too long and only slightly boring, and Dream was still a man on a mission that night. He had intended to ask George about his makeup before the movie, but in their playful teasing he had forgotten his intent.

But George wasn’t paying very avid attention to the movie either. He was all wandering eyes and flicking at his nails, acting as if *anything* was more interesting than the movie *he had chosen*. It was almost funny enough to make Dream laugh, but he swallowed it in their shared silence.

He broke that shared silence with words, instead. “Enjoying the movie?”

“Yes.”

It was so blatantly a lie that Dream actually *did* laugh this time. “You are such a liar!”

“It’s a good movie,” George defended. “And I *do* like it.”

Dream pointed at the screen. “What’s that guy’s name?” George’s silence said more than words ever could. “That’s what I thought.”

George scoffed. “Whatever.”

Dream hummed in victory, flicking his eyes over to George. He was actually looking at the screen now, arms crossed over his chest and a pout on his pretty pink lips. Dream was once again reminded of the mission he was on, his mind pathetically swimming with drips of carmine on that mouth.

“George.”

The gentleness of his tone was strange when put against all the things he’d said before. George seemed to notice, giving Dream an incredulous look. He even grabbed the remote off the armrest and ticked the volume down some before responding, letting the room grow quieter as the tension ran thick between them.

“What?”

“Can I ask you something?”

George shrugged. “I mean, yeah.”

“Have you been wearing makeup recently?”

George swallowed thickly. It sounded loud in his head, but all Dream caught was the movement in his throat, slow but obvious if he looked hard enough. And he was looking hard enough, dirty mind pretending it was something else running down his throat.

“Yeah,” George said quietly. “I didn’t think you’d noticed.”

Dream smiled, intentional in the warmth of it. “I noticed. Looks nice.”

“Uh... thanks.”

George’s face was red for the rest of the night.

And when George went out to the store the following day, Dream dared to be nosy. The moment the front door closed and Dream was sure that George was gone, he slipped into his room and started snooping.

He had his streaming setup in the corner, his bed unmade and the closet open. It was messier than Dream’s room—it always was. And Dream didn’t know where to start. He barely knew what he was looking for, only that he was looking for it.

So he went for the closet. Slid the door open more and crouched down lower, combing through the hoodies scattered on the floor with careful hands until he hit the back wall. There was nothing there—and when he poked through George’s setup, there was nothing there either.

Something about the nightstand felt overwhelmingly personal. George had two—one on each side of his bed. And Dream’s mind was raging with protesting thoughts as he slid the left drawer open, but his nosiness was rewarded when he found the makeup he’d been looking for.

All the things he was expecting. The mascara, the eyeliner, the lip gloss and pink tinted products. He was pleasantly surprised when he found that George *did* own a red lipstick, though he’d never seen him wear it. But the knowledge that it was something in his possession only threatened to fuel Dream’s filthy imagination.

Dream took the lipstick from the drawer. He uncapped it, looking carefully at the color under the sunlight from the window. It was a pretty shade of red. He knew that George would look lovely with it on, even if he couldn’t see the color properly himself.

Dream wished to silence all the unsavory thoughts as he moved to put it away, but it was always more difficult than he expected it to be. Defeated, he let his mind swim.

Saliva running down his chin in tint. The smear of garnet left over skin. It was all reckless and in claim, and George would shy away from leaving hickies while Dream bit his throat. They’d match in some strange, unexpected way. Dream would be branded by the outline of red lips, George’s throat carved purple with teeth.

Dream cleared his throat. Dragged his fingers against the products, enjoying the *click* sound of the bottles as they hit against each other. He found a highlighter that was still sealed, a concealer stick that matched Dream’s skin far too closely to ever match George’s, and a bunch of random things he couldn’t identify.

Though he wanted to check the other nightstand, he knew he had no reason to justify it. Not that

searching your best friend's room to find their secret makeup stash was any justification, but he had found what he was looking for. There was no reason to look in the second nightstand because he'd found the makeup in the first one.

Dream had to practically force himself out of George's room. He failed to realize that he didn't leave it exactly as he'd found it.

George noticed this immediately when he got home. Dream offered to put away all the groceries since George had gone to buy them, and he wasn't going to argue against that. So he retreated off to his room with intentions to take his shoes off and change out of his jeans. But when he found his room unkempt and different, any prior thoughts went out the window.

His closet was all the way open. The dirty clothes he'd left on the floor were clearly shifted. His stream setup looked tampered with.

George had never felt so confused. He *knew* it had to have been Dream, because Dream had been here the whole time. And when he picked up all his laundry, nothing was missing. When he checked the parts of his PC, they were all still there. Nothing was gone, it was just touched. Dream came into his room while he was gone and touched his fucking stuff.

What reason did Dream have to do that? Why had he invaded George's privacy like that?

It made sense now why Dream had acted so weird when George got home, practically jumping at the opportunity to be helpful. Not that it was uncharacteristic of him to want to put the groceries away, but George usually had to ask first—and Dream was usually in his room with headphones on, failing to hear the slam of the door that came with George's return.

George was fuming until he noticed the nightstand drawer cracked open. *Of course*. He had been looking for the makeup. It had been strange when he asked about it so suddenly the previous night. The question had come completely out of left field.

He wasn't mad anymore. Just devious.

And Dream was clueless in the kitchen. Though he was sweating nervously while he put the produce in the fridge, he didn't have any idea what George was up to in his room.

Not until he came back. Dream was shutting the fridge as he finished putting everything away, hearing the pause of George's footsteps by the counter.

"Dream."

"Wha—" The word died in his throat the moment he saw George.

Dream had been right. He had been so sickeningly correct he almost hated it. George was *so* pretty in red lipstick. It was a perfect contrast to his white skin, the perfect emphasis on his full lips, perfect fucking everything. And he had done his eyes with enough fervor to match, dark mascara that made his lashes look longer and eyeliner that finally winged out and made itself known.

"You said I look nice in makeup." George's tone was soft, graceful hands tugging at the sleeves of his shirt. "Do I look nice, Dream?"

Dream sputtered. "Fuck." Eloquent.

A smirk tugged at the corners of George's lips, hands falling to his sides. "Is that a request?"

Dream had never felt like he could describe his mind as *short-circuiting* before, but this certainly fit the bill. He even stumbled, bare feet slipping against the tile floor while he sputtered pathetically over an answer. *Yes*. A thousand times over. If George was offering it as a request, then it sure as hell was a request.

George was amused by all of Dream's stumbling, laughing softly where he stood. Dream finally looked back at George, finding his cheeks had grown pinker since he had last locked eyes with him, one hand brought up to his mouth in his fit of laughter.

"Yes," Dream said finally, the word coming out strangled and pathetic. "Yes. It's a request."

George grinned. "Good. I hoped so."

His approach lacked all the confidence of his tone. Bare feet soft on the tile, eyes fallen down to the floor in avoidance of Dream's stare. And fuck, was Dream staring.

The closer George got, the easier it was to see. The smooth cover of bright red on his lips, the shine on his cheekbones, the sharp wing of his eyeliner. Dream had reached his hand up to rub a thumb over George's mouth before he could think, breaths heavy when he checked to see if he was clean.

There wasn't any residue on his finger. So Dream made a point of pushing when he shoved their lips together, feeling the mash of a soft mouth against his, a single pretty whine escaping the brunet.

Dream ran his hands down George's sides. Gripped his waist and parted lips with his tongue, felt the wax taste of lipstick seep into his mouth. There was a strange edge of sweetness, something he'd tasted on the mouths of high school girlfriends after football games. But it was better on George, better to taste carmine off his pink lips, better to lick red wax when it was cut by George's taste.

He was sweet. Sweeter than the hint in his lipstick, sweet right down to the soft lips he had pressed so tightly into Dream's. He opened his mouth and let it be claimed, let Dream lick his way across his teeth, taste the wax-free version of him that had been hidden for so long.

George had to rise up on his tiptoes to give Dream a matched fervor. It made him slip, chest bumping against Dream's abdomen in haste, but two large hands on his waist tugged him back upright. Pulled their bodies together, spun in a quarter circle so George could be picked up and sat down on the counter.

The move forced their lips apart for a moment. A moment became two when George lifted his hand, gripped Dream's chin with intoxicating lightness, ran a gentle finger over the smear of red left on his mouth. He'd probably look pretty in lipstick, too. But something about the smudge of it off George's mouth made it so much prettier—so much *hotter*. George tried not to breathe too desperately.

And Dream didn't feel much different. It was happening, this was *happening*, and George's lips were smeared pretty and it trailed down his chin. He savored the soft touch of a finger on his lip, reached up to grasp George's slim wrist, wrapped large fingers around him and didn't miss the way George's eyes lingered on the visual.

"You're so pretty, baby," Dream said in breath, pushing hot against George's parted lips.

His breath hitched in his throat. George heard the phrase repeat in his head a thousand times before he went to respond, digging fervently through his chest to find that teasing lilt from earlier.

It must've fallen on the floor when Dream picked him up.

"Thank you."

Dream smiled, the tug of his lips sending George's thumb down to his pink-smudged chin. "No need to thank me. Just let me call you pretty."

The kiss was better the second time. It tasted less of wax and more of *George*, though the brunet found it quite the opposite. The motion of his lips turned desperate, searching for the pretty taste of the blond behind the smear of waxy makeup. It made Dream stumble, pulling George with him, lips twisting against each other in silent praises.

When George whimpered, Dream nearly lost his mind.

They parted. George got lost in the tawny of Dream's eyes and Dream got reeled in by a red mouth. Swollen and slicked with spit. It ran down his chin in diluted pink strands, strangely desirable in the way they clung to his skin.

Dream's mind drifted to those filthier places. Places of lipstick smeared against his cock, of the same coat of spit left drooled down the side of him. Running mascara that stained pale cheeks darker. *Pretty*.

"Fuck, baby." Dream took a pathetically shivered breath, knocked his forehead against George's fondly. "You'd look so pretty drooling on my cock."

George's eyes grew wider, the pulsing dilaton of his pupils near invisible against dark umber. But Dream was close enough to catch it, close enough to be enthralled by the hazy look in his eyes behind wisped lashes. Dream tried to imagine glassy eyes at this proximity. His breath caught at the thought of it.

"You want me to suck you off?"

Maybe in another situation, George would have laughed beneath those words. A half-hearted grin on his stained lips left Dream with an echo of that foregin-feeling tease—the tiniest fraction of the amused smile and "*I hope so*" from before.

But the question was pitifully breathy. Perhaps rhetorical, for he didn't wait for Dream to answer before tugging a red lipstick tube out of his jeans pocket.

Dream answered anyways. "Yes."

He didn't miss the way George's next inhale shook, not even through the enthrallment of his slim fingers on the lipstick tube. The way he slid the color back over his lips, coated the smudges in a new layer of garnet before rubbing them together deliberately.

He looked at Dream through those dark eyelashes while he did it. Made sure he was watching every movement, from the fingers against the lipstick to the color on his mouth. Dream had known that George was pretty in every motion he made, and this only served to solidify that. He was mesmerizing.

George swallowed, and Dream was once again caught on the way his throat moved with the motion. He leaned forward without thought, pressed kiss-stained lips against George's neck, trailed a searing mouth down pale skin until there were hands catching in his hair. Dream let himself be pulled forward, hips pressing flush with the counter.

And he tried not to bite. Tried to keep his teeth behind his lips, letting the warm slide of lips and tongue caress George's skin softly. He still sucked his skin pink, desperate for any inkling that he was his—the pretty boy in makeup, that one was Dream's.

He tried not to crave the twist of violet. He was content to leave pale red in exchange for George's color, the wax still smeared across his mouth. Dream wished to get drunk off the feeling—the feeling that if anyone were to drop their eyes against him, they'd know what he'd been doing.

“Right now?”

The hushed words fell from George's lips breathless, dropping softly against Dream's ear and swelling him enough to groan. He felt the way his teeth hit George's skin, felt the grip on his hair tighten and the breath escape George's lungs.

He bit harder. George whined and squirmed on top of the counter, tried to pull Dream closer to no avail. He slid forward, nearly touching his feet back to the floor.

“I'll do it right now.” George craned his neck to let Dream have him. “Please let me do it right now.”

“The floor,” Dream whispered against George's skin, “it'll be hell on your knees.”

Despite a cloud of fantasies involving the brunet down before him, Dream tried to be gentle. Rubbed circles into George's hips with two thumbs, tried to ease him back onto the counter before he could get off it.

George would be much more comfortable on the bed. Or even the plush carpet of Dream's bedroom, where he could still fulfill the fantasy of George all pretty on the floor.

Dream ran his tongue over every tooth-shaped outline he left, savoring the way he dug into indented skin. It was even hotter when George would whine, all breathy and choked on with the angle of his neck. He tugged Dream's head off his neck, eyes catching on the slicked lips for a moment too long.

“God, Dream.” George pressed his way off the counter, shoved Dream back just enough to wrangle their bodies against each other. “I want hell on more than just my knees.”

Dream nearly choked on something invisible. Any words of protest were non-existent. They somehow managed to disappear further when George fell, knees colliding with hard tile in a way that surely wasn't favorable.

Unless it was. Dream wouldn't put it past him and his batted eyelashes, especially after his breathless want.

Dream took a lone step back, let his hands drag up blushed cheeks—dusted pink with both powder and arousal. And he met George's eyes—met the pretty desperacy of them, locked in front of sharpened ebony. He could see the desperate pleas that swirled in darkened tones, glowing in a similar hue to the red on the lips beneath them.

He managed to look just as delicate as he did sinful. It was a terribly hot dichotomy, nearly turning Dream on more than the hands that dragged light across his cock.

Dream's breath got stuck in his chest. “You can...” he stumbled over words for a moment too long, “yeah.”

George gave him a gaze that somehow managed to beg *more*. “Yeah?”

Dream nodded quickly. “Yeah.”

George didn’t waste another second. He tugged Dream’s cock out of it’s confines, let his eyes drag over it with a shuddered breath. Dream trailed his fingertips back to catch George’s hair, tugged him upward just a touch so he was properly angled to press lips against the head of Dream’s cock.

It was unfavorably light. Barely more than a ghost of heat, not quite enough for Dream to feel the soft press of George’s mouth against him.

“I meant it.” George’s words spoken on Dream like that were intoxicating. “About hell.”

“Jesus christ, George.” Dream’s grip tightened on dark hair. “You want me to fuck your throat?”

George nodded, the motion barely visible. But he dragged his tongue up against the head of Dream’s cock for emphasis, fluttered his eyelids in startling innocence.

“Don’t hold back, please.”

Dream groaned, pressing his hips forward to smear precum over George’s lips. “Open your mouth, baby.”

He obliged without hesitation. Dropped those pretty red lips open and lolled his tongue halfway out his mouth. Dream bit his own tongue and pulled George’s head downward, feeling the warmth of his mouth encase him in sweet, sweet ecstasy.

It was already perfect. George tugged against Dream’s grip on his hair to slide his lips down further, the pretty red stretched around Dream with every inch. It was an even better sight than Dream had imagined it to be, and that was saying something.

His mouth was nothing short of heavenly. Tightened lips made the push of it better, tantalizing suction around the head of his cock. He lapped up precum on the upstroke, dove back down again without a lick of hesitation. He was so hot in his willingness, hot in the way he didn’t wait for Dream to fulfill rough promises. He took it, took it for himself before Dream could give—it would’ve been annoying were he take something other than Dream’s cock down his throat.

He gagged, the reaction screwing his eyes shut.. It forced his mouth tighter for the moment before he reeled back, pulling off Dream with a terribly lewd sound. And *oh*. It was already far too much for Dream to handle.

A smudged stain of red was left where George’s mouth had been, a sinful reminder of those pretty lips on his cock. George seemed to notice it, his matching lip dropped open in something like shock—but his hazy eyes told just how much he liked the mark.

Dream surged his hips forward, shoving his cock past those parted lips. And George was already gagging again, taking Dream’s cock down to the hilt. Those stained lips pushed against Dream’s skin and he could feel the way George was trying to leave a smudge of red there.

“Pinch my thigh if you want me to stop, okay?” Dream took the responding whine as acknowledgement. “I’ll be rough, baby, I promise.”

George’s eyes slipped shut at the prospect and Dream moved to keep that promise. With a scalp-stinging hold on George’s head, he thrust forward. Basked in the whimper that came from George’s throat, basked in the sheer tightness of it when he rolled his hips again.

George held onto Dream's waist. He was nails, but he wasn't pinching. If anything, he was pulling Dream forward, letting his feet slide on the floor and force closer to George's body—who only inched his knees backward and pushed himself against the counter.

He opened his eyes to give Dream a pleading look. Even held his hips tighter to punctuate the silent beg. Dream sucked in a breath and thrust harder, hard enough to slam George's head against the counter behind him.

Dream nearly asked if he was alright, but the whine he emitted was the answer to all his concerns. So he thrust again, shoved his hips against George's mouth and kept him there. Kept him pinned between the counter and Dream's body, his neck twisted and stuffed with cock.

It was obscene. Dream would never get enough of it.

He was right about George being pretty like this. Drooling, every stripe of it down his chin stained pink with makeup. It dripped down the already smudged jaw, made an even bigger mess of his cherry-tinted mouth—a mouth stretched lewdly over cock and tightening.

Dream groaned. "Holy *shit*, George." And he thrust again, savored the whine that followed his motion. "Slutty fucking mouth."

George keened, eyes fluttering open to reveal a sheen of glass over them. Dream would've done anything to send those tears cascading down his face, taking the stain of black down with them. Lucky for him, he was in just the position to do that.

He pulled out all the way, left the head of his cock pushed against red lips. George didn't hesitate to make use of his tongue, digging into the slit and swirling with terribly slick sounds. He planted an obscenely wet kiss right on the tip, sucked down hard enough to leave a stain of waxy red.

It matched George's mouth. Matched the scattered red stains down to the base of Dream's cock. Strung them together in something lewdly garnet, stained with pretty, *pretty* sin.

And with the grip Dream held on George's head, he forced him back down again. Groaned at the accidental drag of teeth on him, felt his foot slide forward until it hit against the counter George was pinned against.

With a pitiful stutter on a string of curse words, Dream caught himself on the countertop with one hand. He looked down at George, at him and that red-stained mouth—at the trail of grey that was sliding down his cheek. Diluted black tears, an insatiable stain of makeup down freckled cheeks, stark not only on the milky whiteness of his skin but the rosy pink he'd covered them with.

George lifted higher on his bruising knees, tugged at Dream's waist to push his body against open lips. Pulling his hand off the granite countertop, Dream went to fuck his throat.

He didn't bother holding back. Didn't bother with a warning on George's teeth, either—taking the rough drag on the top of his cock. It was the sweetest form of juxtaposition, sharp teeth pinned against a soft tongue, warm and wet and sliding. His lips had wet obscenely, making the slide of every thrust beautifully easy, making the lewd sounds of George's mouth on Dream's cock all the more audible.

"God, you're so pretty." Dream rolled a thumb over George's cheek to collect a dark grey tear. "Such a pretty slut, pretty slut with a fucking *mouth*, god."

George bounced slightly on his knees, slid his hands under Dream's shirt to claw at bare skin. And he tipped his head up, managed to slacken his jaw and tighten his lips, drag the last excess lipstick

off his stained mouth and onto Dream's cock.

Dream looked bitten. Bitten or bleeding—he wasn't sure which. But that nearly made it hotter, made his red-stained cock throb where it was lodged in George's throat. Dream's mouth fell open on another groan, his gaze caught between stained cheeks and a smudged mouth.

His spit was all so pink and pretty. And there was so *much*, dripping out of his mouth and onto the tile floor. He tried again to use his tongue, tried to swirl around the head every time his mouth was pulled up there—but Dream's quickening pace made it hard to keep up with.

One of George's hands fell into his lap. Gripped at himself hastily through skinny jeans, tried in desperacy to give his aching cock release.

Dream had never seen someone look so unfairly hot. Getting off on sucking his cock like that, face stained at every corner with dripping makeup. He was grey tears and pink saliva, lidded eyelids barely managing to show the dark color against sclera.

Dream wanted to add something more to the beautiful mess.

“Gonna cum,” he groaned. “Fuck, George, *fuck*.”

George was whining when Dream pulled him off completely, gripped the base of his cock and jerked himself too-quick above George. And he was coming before he knew it, free hand catching on the counter again while his mouth spit curses in ecstasy.

George had fluttered his eyes shut, let the cum spill over his face and the makeup covering his skin. Dream's eyes had screwed shut mid-orgasm, leaving the pretty mess he'd made of George a surprise in his afterglow. He tried to imagine it behind the dark of shut eyelids, but he could never get it right.

Every breath Dream took was heaving. It only got worse when his eyes dropped to George's face, ropes of white sticky against all the color on his face. Spit still dripped from his mouth with the last of wet lipstick, lips stuck open with no intent to stop it.

“*God*.” Dream ran his thumb over the cum caught above George's lip, slid the digit between those swollen lips and nearly moaned when George sucked with intent. “You look so fucking pretty like this.”

George batted his eyelashes, slid his lips down further on Dream's thumb. Dream tugged the digit free, grabbed George's chin and yanked him up to his feet on shaking legs.

He smashed their lips back together in haste. They collided uneven, George's messy lips caught on the side of Dream's mouth for a desperate moment before they could correct themselves. And his mouth felt softer, lips swollen from it all—he even tasted better, too.

The lingering flavor of lipstick. That sweet edge of strictly *George*. The tang of Dream's cum caught beneath his tongue. They spit heat into each other, moved their lips rough and in tandemous haste. It was like they were both trying to swallow the other, caught in some twisted competition over who could do it first.

Rough and in claim. Spit red between mouths, trailed hands down bodies still dressed in too many clothes. George pulled Dream's shirt off, stretching up to his toes so he could get it over his head. He let Dream pull his shirt off, too, falling light to the floor when their mouths found each other again.

It wasn't any longer than a second, but it felt prolonged with passion. The drip of something hot, slick and carmine with need. Then George slipped away, and by the time Dream pried his heavy eyelids open—he was gone.

He caught the flash of pale skin and dark hair slip around the corner. Dream followed without question, left both their shirts abandoned on the kitchen floor. Despite only being a few seconds behind George's leave, he found George sitting on his bed with that pretty tube of lipstick twisted between his fingers.

Dream would never admit aloud how much his chest twisted when he saw George sat on *his* bed like that. He'd run to Dream's room, not the guest room—sought to let Dream think of the pretty mess he'd make of George every time he laid down to go to sleep. Half-naked and sinking into those familiar sheets, his face already stained when he re-applied the makeup.

His face could be a more beautiful disaster.

Dream found himself on top of George, not waiting long enough before he took those red lips with his again. He could feel the slide of lipstick between them, felt it cling to his own lips in a more obvious smudge before he trailed the wet ruby down the canvas of a pale neck.

George was shuddering, tugging at the glow of golden hair, gasping sounds that were pathetically close to words but none of them got close enough. Dream couldn't help but catch the way the syllables seemed to curl into his name, incoherence becoming *Dream* and George's writhing twisting needy.

He curled fingers beneath Dream's waistband, tried to push them down from his awkward angle. Dream chuckled lowly against his neck, moving one hand down to provide assistance in stripping himself bare. His mouth hovered above George's again. A thin trail of spit slid down against George's pretty face with intoxicating lightness. Dream felt like he could die.

George pressed his head up, planted a wonderfully visible kiss onto the side of Dream's neck. It left the pretty red kiss-mark he was seeking, an unfortunately washable stain to match the bruising hickies on his own throat. Dream moaned softly at the feel of it—George's lips pressed so gently on his skin, the thought of being claimed by his red—and he dragged his hands down an unmarked stomach to fiddle with the button of George's jeans.

"I'm gonna fuck you so good."

It came out breathier than he wanted it to, but the promise behind those words still made George shudder. He arched his back up off the bed to let Dream tug his jeans off, spread his legs before the blond had even re-situated himself above him.

Dream noticed, gripping George's thighs in a sickly possessive hold. He dragged him up the mattress to rest against his thighs, his cock already pressed insatiably against George's hole.

"Dream," he gasped. "My face is still a mess."

Dream grinned, leaning down to flick his tongue over a touch of the drying filth. "Just the way I like it."

George whimpered, ankles locking behind Dream's back to pull his hips closer. He tried to grind himself down on what was practically nothing, pulled his hands up to grip Dream's shoulders with a harsh intensity. Dream was trailing kisses down George's throat again, not bothering to keep his teeth to himself.

It left George with empty lungs.

“*Dream*,” he pleaded. “God, just fuck me already.”

The noise that escaped Dream’s lips was an odd mix of a moan and a laugh, and George felt the way his cock jerked when it was pressed so tight against him. But then Dream was moving, leaning across the bed to find his lube in the bedside drawer, uncapping it as he returned to his earlier position.

He slicked three fingers. Dropped the bottle against the bed with a soft sound, dragged his gaze over the terrible mess that George’s face had become. He licked the pad of his thumb to swipe the dried cum off his cheeks in tandem with the prod against his hole, middle finger circling his rim while he cleaned his face with a lack of purpose.

George was already mewling, pressing down against Dream’s finger until it started to enter him properly. He could already feel the ever-present thickness of Dream’s fingers, different in comparison to everything he’d ever felt before. That was more than a good thing—if anything, it was what he desired. It left George in a never-falling string of whines, chest heaving without discernible pattern and his hips not faring much better.

With his head thrown back against the mattress, George’s marked-up neck was on perfect display for Dream to see. Bruises, bite marks, pale red trails in a stained drag. It went from his mouth down to the top of his chest, and it dared to make Dream think about a neater set of marks down his own body.

His brain sought to promise a *next time*. Dream tried to focus on the present.

When Dream got down to his second knuckle, George’s responding whimper was just a tad more desperate than the others.

“More, Dream,” he insisted. “I take four fingers when I do this to myself, give me *more*.”

Dream tried not to think about it. He really, *really* tried. But the sight was just too tempting—the sight of George on his bed, or any bed, with his face buried deep in the pillows and four fingers slicked up inside himself. Dream pondered briefly about what kind of lube George liked to use. He seemed like someone who’d pick flavored lube on purpose. Make some whiny defense about how nice it smelled when questioned.

Dream tried not to get too distracted on hypotheticals, but he failed to bite back the groan that shook his sternum.

“Fuck, George,” he said in breath. “What’re you thinking about when you do that?”

Dream shoved the rest of his finger in with a sharp motion. George whined and pressed down against it, his back only arching further when Dream started circling his rim with his index finger.

“Your cock inside me.”

Dream shoved his middle finger in without hesitation, drank in the responding sound. It was choked out in startle, mixed with a twist of George’s hips against the bed—almost as if he was trying to escape. But Dream held him steady with one hand on his hip, twisting both his fingers inside of George and reveling in the tightness.

“God, look at you.” Dream pushed his mouth against George’s sharp jaw. “You’re so desperate for my cock. So pretty like this.”

George keened at the praise. Grinded down on Dream's fingers with increased vigor, crossed ankles behind his back again. It made Dream shift slightly, but he held his place. Thrust into George in quick motions, crooked his fingers until he ghosted over his prostate. It made George mewl beautifully, those pretty tears already starting to brim his eyes again.

Dream swallowed something terribly sinful. Edged a third finger inside of George without warning, dug fingers into his hips upon hearing the noise George made when he took it. The stretch was beyond amazing, and the sight of George trying to hold Dream's dripping fingers inside himself was better.

But Dream was unkind. Unkind in that terribly hot way—one that made George both want to kick him in protest and beg for more. Either way, he'd do anything for Dream. Anything for his cock and it's long overdue place inside of him.

His lack of mercy came with the way Dream was missing his prostate. It was so intentional it nearly hurt, three fingers curling inside him so perfectly. That perfection extended to the angle which they took. When Dream was feeling charitable, he'd let the side of his knuckle drag in the right places. But the second George gave a pleased response, he reeled back just far enough to leave him hanging.

It wasn't even edging. It was just torture.

"Just fuck me already!" George cried out in protest, legs shaking on either side of Dream's hips. "Want it. So bad, Dream—*please*."

Dream was smirking, all-too proud of himself and the writhing boy beneath him. But he was quick to oblige, though it didn't come without a hotly degrading whisper of "*whore*" beneath his breath.

"You beg so pretty, Georgie." Dream spoke with too much softness for someone slicking up their cock. "I can't wait to make you cry again." The pink of George's cheeks looked a tad too artificial. "Princess."

His words surged hot with promise when his cock pressed against George's hole. The nickname he'd used only made George twist against him more. If he weren't so desperate and turned on, maybe he would've gotten mad. Something about it felt degrading—but it was degrading in all the right ways.

Dream was slick with lube and stained with lipstick, and George caught every inch of red smear as it disappeared inside him.

He grabbed George's shaking thighs, slung one leg over his shoulder and pushed it against his chest. He let the other stay caught around him, but he wasn't merciful in the grip he held. George could already picture the bruises; perfectly shaped to Dream's fingertips, a more than perfect place for his hand to rest at any time he wanted.

Maybe he'd hold him in the same place next time.

George tried not to dwell on the thought when he felt Dream's hips press flush against him, that feeling of impeccable *fullness* finally swelling in his body again. It had been far too long, and the way his thighs twitched against Dream's chest served to show that.

The tears in his eyes were already threatening to spill over. An unwarned thrust from Dream's hips only drew the inevitability of it ever-closer.

"*More*."

The word fell slick from reddened lips, cast taut with the feel of a spit coating. George tried his best not to drool, but it was already running down his cheek in that pretty pink stain. And Dream had already moved to please him, snapping his hips in steady but shallow thrusts—it wasn't quite enough for George's preference.

"*Please*, Dream," he begged between the shakes of his body. "Harder."

Dream groaned, falling above George and caging his body against the bed. But he was listening—thrusting harder, faster, *rougher*. It was exactly as George had wanted it, and the tears he spilled wet the mascara enough to bleed.

He looked better from close up. Dream knew he was pretty on his knees, but when he could feel the breath in every whine against his own red-stained mouth, it was hotter. When the cascade of grey-tinted tears were close enough to see the swirl of black, Dream felt his hips move faster. He had never been so rough with anyone before, managing to shake the entire bed frame beneath his movement and leave it knocking against the wall.

George shook. He was a squirming mess against the mattress, but Dream had him pinned enough that it didn't cause any issues. The only thing it did was turn Dream on *more*, urging him to shift his angle just slightly until he found the right spot.

George sobbed.

It was choked out and beautiful, met with another rush of tears down a staining face. The drip of it had managed to find his mouth, tears swirling red in their journey off his face. It dotted the pillowcase beneath him darker with every drop.

And Dream didn't let up. He hit George's prostate on every thrust, making up for every deliberate miss he'd given on his fingers. Anything to make George cry out at the ceiling like that, anything to make the tears rush out in hotly absurd quantities.

"M so..." George gasped beautifully, every moment of it shaken and strangled on the lump in his throat. "Gonna cum, Dream, *please*."

Dream wanted to watch those glossy eyes when he came. "Yeah, baby, come for me. Come on my cock like the pretty slut you are."

George practically screamed. It sounded wonderfully close to the syllable of Dream's name, only fueling the rage of egotistical fire already within him. George's hands made fists on the bed sheets, spilling all over himself in filthy white ropes. It stained both their chests, left George gasping for all the air he'd lost—but Dream didn't let up.

George was more than sobbing, but he didn't protest. He let himself lay there and take it, take the relentless pounding that shook him with every move. He reveled in the harsh sound of a bed frame on the wall and the way Dream's harshness shifted him against the pillow.

The best sounds were decidedly Dream's, all rasped and groaning in George's ear.

And Dream came on the perfect sound of *George*, thrust fast and deep into him until he'd fucked himself dry and collapsed on top of the other.

They laid like that for a moment. In a sweaty heap slicked together with cum, serving as greater stain on Dream's sheets until he finally decided to move his body. Pulling out only made the drip of cum on his bed worse, it all sliding out of George's hole in tandem with his red-stained cock.

It was far too hot for anything earthly. George was whining in soreness, thighs twitching in Dream's hands, the last of his tears falling pretty down his face. Dream took a longer moment to bask in the pretty mess he'd made, in all the stains left on pale skin and the way George hiccuped over sobs.

"Oh, princess," Dream whispered, not failing to notice the way George's next hiccup stuttered at the term. "Let's clean up, okay?"

The best course of action for that was clearly a shower. A shower that they took together, where Dream had to help George stay on his feet. He wiped him clean of dried makeup and stains, slicked his hair back with water and kissed him stupid beneath the stream.

"So I should wear makeup more often?" George managed to tease, the words spoken like rainwater against Dream's lips.

And he nearly moaned just at the thought of having this again. "You'll kill me, baby."

George laughed under his breath, sweet and full of mirth. "You'd let me."

He would.

End Notes

fuck !

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